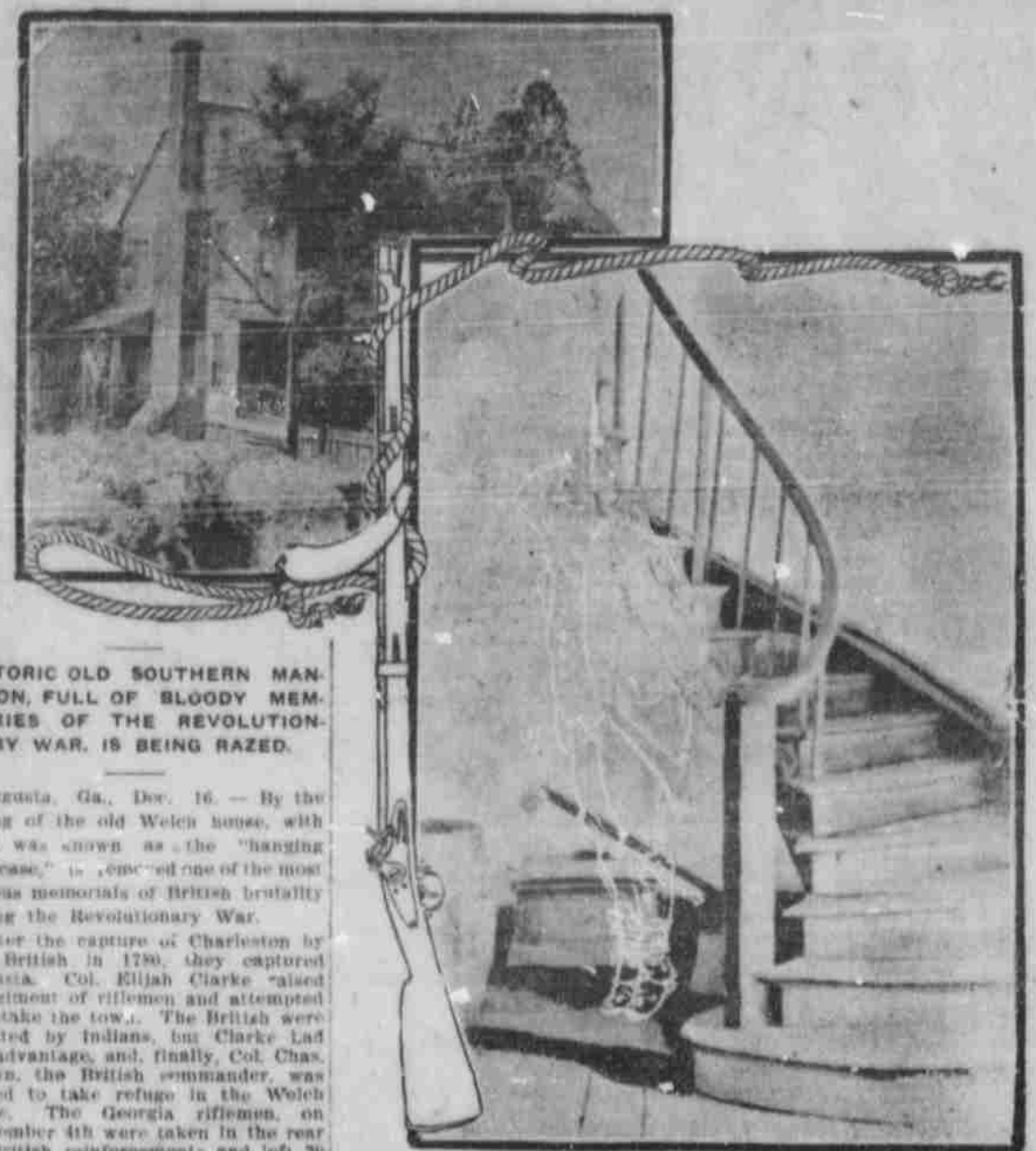


Thirteen Patriots and a Redcoat Died on the "Hanging Staircase."



HISTORIC OLD SOUTHERN MANSION, FULL OF BLOODY MEMORIES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, IS BEING REPAIRED.

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 16. — By the raising of the old Welch house, with which was shown as the "hanging staircase," is being repaired one of the most famous memorials of British brutality during the Revolutionary War.

After the capture of Charleston by the British in 1780, they captured Augusta. Col. Elijah Clarke raised a regiment of riflemen and attempted to retake the town. The British were assisted by Indians, but Clarke had the advantage, and, finally, Col. Chas. Brown, the British commander, was forced to take refuge in the Welch house. The Georgia riflemen, on September 4th were taken in the rear by British reinforcements and left 20 prisoners in the hands of the British. Col. Brown, slightly wounded, lay in an upper room in the Welch house. To him the prisoners were brought. "Hang them!" he commanded, "every damned rebel of them. And swing them up from the staircase, so that I can see it from here."

There were thirteen strangled before his eyes, when Brown ordered that the seventeen remaining prisoners should be massacred by the Indians in the yard, he having his cot moved to the front window so that he could enjoy the spectacle from a box seat, as it were.

When "Light Horse" Harry Lee recaptured Augusta the next spring, Col. Brown was still there. The colonial riflemen hanged him from the same staircase where the thirteen patriots had been executed.

SENT A BULLET OF BIG CALIBER INTO HEAD Has Poor Opinion of Ryan and Intimates His Opinion is Shared by Others, "Staggering" Being the Term Employed.

PITEOUS PLEA THAT PRESS SPARE HIS FRIENDS

"I did it. No one to blame," said J. C. Baldridge, who was in the center of the room when the bullet was fired. "I did it. No one to blame," said J. C. Baldridge, who was in the center of the room when the bullet was fired. "I did it. No one to blame," said J. C. Baldridge, who was in the center of the room when the bullet was fired.

The above notes, the first found upon the writing table in the room, the second tucked upon the front door, tell the story of the self-inflicted bullet wound which caused the death of George B. Somers some time last night. When J. C. Baldridge opened the door of the house at 417 South Fourth street, near the corner of Coal Avenue this morning at 11 o'clock, with the key left in his possession the day before, by George B. Somers, the sight that met his eyes was of a very gruesome nature.

How Dead Was Done.

The old man had apparently been dead for some time when found, as the body was stiff and cold. Trapped in the right hand was the revolver with which he had inflicted the wound that must have brought instantaneous death.

Over his head, for the evident purpose of deadening the sound of the pistol shot, was an old army blanket. Over the muzzle of the pistol was a cone-shaped piece of asbestos that had also evidently been used to help deaden the sound of the shot. His hands were in his lap, with the pistol still grasped in the right hand. Death was evidently instantaneous, as the old man was sitting upright in the rocker, his head inclined a little forward, and the body fully dressed, with the exception of his coat, which hung on a chair at the foot of the couch which he used as a bed.

Wound in Temple.

A bullet wound in the temple just above the ear told the more story of a man driven to suicide through loneliness and isolation. Blood covered his vest and had run down to the floor, forming a little pool on the left side of the room. The hair, which was gray and very scant, was matted, and the flesh was burned around the wound.

The house wherein the old man lived was a one-room affair at 417 South Fourth street, and was owned together with the property upon which it was built, by the deceased. The single room of the house was scantily furnished, despite the fact that the old man had a cash bank account of over \$2,500. A couch, which was used for a bed, stood in the north-east corner of the room, the bedstead, showing that the old man

had not retired the night previous.

In the center of the room was the rocking chair with the deceased sitting in it, facing the window on the east. A small writing table stood on the south side of the room, upon which was a writing tablet, with the note, "I did it. No one to blame. Goodbye—Somers," upon the front page, which was still attached to the tablet.

Suicide Carefully Planned.

The old man had evidently made all arrangements for the suicide, as he called upon J. C. Baldridge yesterday morning and deposited with him the keys to his home, together with \$35 in money. This caused Mr. Baldridge to become uneasy concerning the old man, and when he failed to call upon Mr. Baldridge this morning, the latter went to Somers' home about 11 o'clock, making the gruesome discovery as related above.

Practices With Revolver.

Shortly after Mr. Sleight left the old man, he was seen by Mrs. W. E. Richter, of 415 South Fourth street, and a lady roomer, who live in the house adjoining that occupied by Somers, out in the yard practicing with his revolver. These ladies state that he seemed to be hunting mice, as he would crouch down, peering around an old pile of lumber in one part of the yard, and occasionally fire the pistol.

This morning, Charles Bonnell, who called at the house for the purpose of seeing the old man, found the door locked and a card bearing the notice, "Please call J. C. Baldridge," "Somers," tucked up. Fearing that the old man was wrong, he notified Mr. Baldridge, who immediately went to the house, discovering the old man dead.

The deceased was an old soldier, and drew a monthly pension of \$12. In addition to this, he worked at odd jobs as a carpenter. He came to Albuquerque some time in 1922, owing to the death of a brother, who was killed in that year on the Southern Pacific railroad. As far as known, he has no relatives in Albuquerque, and until his will and papers, which he deposited Tuesday with Mr. Baldridge, are opened, it will be impossible to ascertain where his relatives live, although a letter on the table in his room, received by him December 7, is signed "Your cousin, Clara S. Worth." The letter was written December 4, from No. 8, Emmons place, Biddford, Vt. There was also a copy of the St. Johnsbury, (Vt.) Cal-

endonian, bearing date of December 6, found on the table.

Telegrams sent to this paper and to the cousin in Biddford by The Evening Citizen, failed to elicit a reply.

Had Bank Account.

Somers was in his seventy-second year and was possessed of some property. Besides a bank account of over \$2,500, he owned the several lots at the corner of Fourth street and Coal Avenue, in addition to the house in which he lived. He lived entirely by himself and was of a very taciturn disposition, making confidants of no one and having very little to say. Mr. Baldridge was probably the only man who enjoyed his confidence.

When his effect in the house were examined, but very little clothing was found, and a purse, lying on the table, contained a cheap ring, a chain and \$2.50 in small change.

would soon become totally paralyzed, and worrying over his lonely condition, are supposed to be responsible for the rash act.

Together with \$35 he yesterday gave to Mr. Baldridge, and his pension vouchers, amounting to about \$100. Somers had certificates of deposits amounting to \$2,500, making a total, with the \$250 found in the room, of \$2,637.50 in cash, besides the four lots at the corner of Fourth street and Coal Avenue. All of the money and property goes to relatives in the east. The will will be filed for probate Monday.

SHOT IN THE BACK

ED. MULLEN, A GILA BEND STOCK MAN, BROUGHT TO PHOENIX.

Ed Mullen was brought to the city yesterday with a bullet hole in his back, says the Phoenix Republican. He was accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Williams of Gila Bend, where the shooting took place about 11 o'clock on Saturday night. Mullen had been without any medical attention since the shooting as there is at present no doctor at Gila Bend. It is not known who did the shooting, but it was thought that it was done by a Mexican or an Indian, without any provocation of which Mullen is aware.

Mullen lives at Riverside, Cal., where he has a wife and two children. He is a stockman in a small way and had been buying horses in the vicinity of Gila Bend and had sent one carload to California. He was about to start for Douglas on Saturday night and it was while he was waiting for the train that the shooting occurred. Immediately after he was shot the train passed along.

Mullen had been drinking a little but he said he had no trouble with anyone. He was walking back and forth along the track when he heard the crack of a revolver behind him and at the same instant felt a sharp pain in his back. He was without money and it was therefore necessary to bring him to the county hospital.

The wound looks like it had been made with a cheap revolver, probably of the bullet pattern, with a large caliber. It is thought that the bullet is lodged in the back. Mullen is unable to walk, from which circumstance it is surmised that the spine is affected. The wound will not likely prove fatal unless in the event of blood poisoning, which owing to the long nature of the wound is not improbable. Mullen is about twenty-five years of age.

A REIGN OF TRAMPS

THE TOWN OF YUMA OVERRUN BY THE GENTRY.

Passengers who arrived in Tucson from Yuma states that that city is terrorized by a gang of toughs, ruffians and hold-up men, says the Tucson Citizen. Citizens were kept up on the leading streets of the town, beaten and relieved of their valuables by the thugs that overrun the city. It is stated that the situation has become so serious that every citizen who has any business that takes him out at night, carries a gun.

A prominent lawyer named Wupperman was held up and robbed under an electric light on the main business street of the city and the Mexican consul was relieved of \$104 in money and a valuable diamond stick. Sheriff Livingston has sworn in a large number of deputies and the town now has enough officers to quell a riot, but it is stated that the robberies and hold-ups continue. There are several rangers in the city also, and it is likely that if the robberies do not cease summary measures will be taken by the enraged citizens of the town.

The difficulty was occasioned by the dumping into Yuma of 300 men, who are literally the riff-raff of the earth. These toughs are employed at work on the dam and levee work and are taken back to Yuma. The Colorado river rose as a result of the heavy rains throughout the territory, the work at both the dam and the levee was suspended temporarily. About 200 of the laborers employed on the dam and levee work then proceeded to Yuma and undertook to take possession of the town, in which they apparently succeeded, judging from the number of hold-ups and robberies.

CITIZENS COMPLAIN ABOUT NEW HOUSE NUMBERING

M. P. SAWTELLE, WITH OTHERS, REGISTERS A KICK AGAINST MAN WHO HAS THE CONTRACT.

Again complaints are coming into this office relative to the methods recently employed by the gentleman who recently secured the contract from the city council for the renumbering of the houses. Complainants say that to begin with, he is numbering the houses wrong. For instance, on the side of the street, the first house will be 100 and on the opposite side 101, whereas, the usual method employed heretofore has been to number the first house 101 on one side of the street and 102 on the opposite side.

M. P. Sawtelle, who resides at 1011 North First street, said that "the citizens often yesterday and stated that the man who is numbering the houses called at his house during his absence and despite the protests of his wife, changed the last number on his house, and that the number he did put on did not fit with the other three, and that after putting the one new single number on he demanded twenty-five cents."

During the day Mr. Farrell, who is the gentleman who has the contract for renumbering the houses, called at this office and stated that he was doing his best to please everybody, and renumber the houses according to the terms of his contract, but he had only been out of the office a few moments when Mr. Sawtelle came in with the above complaint.

The citizen is not a "knacker," and it may be that the gentleman is entitled to twenty-five cents per single number, but when so many complaints come in it would seem that there was something radically wrong somewhere.

The Optic says: A stranger succeeded in working R. M. Seaton, proprietor of the Ranch store of Las Vegas, for \$25. He presented a check on a Pueblo bank for that amount, with a note purporting to be signed by Superintendent Gibbons, of the local Santa Fe railway shops, saying that the check was good. Mr. Seaton cashed it and later found that the signature was a rank forgery. The man could not be found, although a careful search was made by the officers.

CHRISTMAS RUSH ON AT THE POSTOFFICE

Postmaster Hopkins Says
Force is Having All It
Can Attend to Now.

MANY MONEY ORDER GIFTS

Express companies and the post-office are beginning to feel the rush of Christmas business, especially the latter.

Postoffice officials are anticipating more holiday work this year than ever before. The building is already being crowded, both in the public corridor and in the various departments where the work is being carried on, and every available foot of space will be needed to take care of the thousands of packages.

Postmaster Hopkins, informs this paper that his forces of men are having all they can attend to at present, and he dreads to think of what is in store for them the coming week. "Ordinarily the force has all the work they can look after. When the Christmas rush comes, though, when the amount of mail matter is tripled, many times, many persons are of the opinion that this same staff should do the work just as rapidly and satisfactorily as during March or April, because their mail is somewhat late or mistakes are made, they file a kick. We are not favored with extra men during the holidays, as many eastern cities are. There are not the experienced men to put to work even if a provision was made for their salaries. An inexperienced man in a postoffice is equal to nobody at all and I would have one around."

The money order man at the Alhambra office finds about every minute of his time engaged, which indicates that many a soul will be made happy by cash gifts from Santa Claus in New Mexico's metropolis. While a counter from the Alhambra office staff stood in the lobby today, there was a constant flow of humanity to the money order window.

This week the local postoffice force are for the most part attending to packages which are being sent out of Albuquerque. The first of next week will witness the inbound packages and then will the troubles start in earnest. From all over the world and to all parts of the globe the mail comes and goes. This is accounted for when it is considered that health seekers from both the United States and other countries are sojourning here.

Almost any clerk in the postoffice can tell the public that it is up to the patrons to see that their Christmas gifts are promptly delivered and not to the postoffice authorities. In so great a measure. This is natural because the postoffice people are continually sending, receiving and handling packages of every description. A postoffice official said:

"Another thing that always has caused delay is the flimsy manner in which packages are wrapped. They are done up in a hurry many times entirely unfit for transportation. This is one point that really ought to be emphasized."

In every case parcels should be weighed before being mailed, and handkerchiefs, neckties or other articles of merchandise should not be placed in packages of printed matter unless the sender wishes to help out on the postal deficit by paying the higher rate of postage required.

Parcels should be wrapped so that their contents can easily be examined. Many times a parcel misses the fast mail just because the clerk has to take ten or fifteen minutes off to find out what the nature of the parcel is. It is that he has in order to ascertain the proper postage classification. In placing stamps on the parcels the higher stamp denominations should be used—a 10-cent stamp takes much less room than five twos do, and it is quickly cancelled.

"One thing that the general public has not yet become familiar with is that the government has especially provided the privilege of writing 'Merry Christmas,' 'Happy New Year,' 'Compliments of the Season,' or any writing of an impersonal nature, with your name. It does not conflict in any way with the postal regulations and will in no case increase the rate of postage."

"In mailing packages to a foreign country inquiry should be made regarding restrictions, as in some cases certain things cannot be sent. For instance, in no case can jewelry or coins be sent by mail to a foreign country."

"It is also well to bear in mind that the rate of postage to Canada, Mexico, Cuba and our island possessions is the same as between points in the states."

"In general the public can help the service immensely, and insure swift delivery of its own presents, if it will but exercise good common sense before depositing mail to be whisked away by rapid trains, providing no error has been made."

PROMINENT SPEAKER

TO ADDRESS STATEHOODERS

AT TUCSON, ARIZ.—EX-DELEGATE

RODNEY WILL BE PRESENT.

Hon. R. S. Rodney, ex-delegate to congress from New Mexico, will arrive here Friday evening, says the Tucson Daily Star. Several others from New Mexico will also be present. They come to participate in the joint statehood meeting to be held at the opera house here, December 16th. Mr. Rodney is recognized as the ablest delegate sent from any of the territories for many years. During his two years in congress he was the acknowledged leader in all matters pertaining to the territories.

When Mr. Rodney discovered that statehood for either Arizona or New Mexico was impossible, he became one of the strong leaders for jointure. He is acknowledged to be the leader of this movement in the two territories. The people of Jimena county will be pleased to hear this distinguished speaker discuss joint statehood, setting forth the many advantages it will be to the people of these two territories.

Friday evening the Elks Club will be open for a reception to Mr. Rodney and his friends. Saturday they will be driven over the city.

Miss Elizabeth Nohl, of Espanola, is here on a visit to Albuquerque friends.



A Chicago woman leaves her home, husband and children to become a concert singer because her "artistic temperament" snuffs her for home life.

Well, when a woman gets on that track, she has got a first class ticket on a toboggan slide right to the devil. Eve never realized that she had an "artistic temperament" until that same fellow suggested a fig leaf apron, and all the twaddle about "son culture," "heart sympathy," and the "bladder cut" are just tricks to that same old fig leaf.

This woman saw no beauty in the face of a child; she heard no music in childish laughter; no chord vibrated to the music of "mother," no atom of her being could respond to the love of an innocent man; "artistic temperament?" Bah! she had no more of the divine afflatus than the sing that crawls its slimy length over the perfect rose.

And she abandoned all this for what?

Ask the sluts—the divorce courts, the worse than motherless children—the outcast and parish.

God knew what he was about when he made women to be mothers. The lowliest peasant who knows not how to spell her name, but caresses her baby at her breast, the homeliest "tramp" who fits her plodding feet to those of the little ones tugging at her skirts, the woman who knows no "right" but the rights of her children to clean souls in healthy bodies; the wife whose "sphere" is bounded on the north, south, east and west by her husband; these are as the pictured "Madonnas" beside the portraits of a third rate "variety star."

It is only a matter of choice whether God or the devil adds the "artistic" touches.

LOSS OF KINGDOM AGES THE MONARCH



KING OSCAR BEFORE AND AFTER NORWAY'S REVOLT.

Stockholm, Dec. 14. — King Oscar of Sweden, weakened in body and tortured in mind over the disruption of the dual Scandinavian kingdom, is preparing to end his days in retirement. He is expected to appoint Crown Prince Gustavus ruler of Sweden.

During the last few months Oscar has been in appearance ten years to his life. Before the revolt of Norway the king was regarded as the most marvellously preserved monarch in Sweden.

Oscar is not under medical treatment, nor are his physicians in attendance on him; he has been ordered simply to devote himself to recreation and to spend much of his time cruising on his yacht, the Drott.

THE BELIEF IN SANTA CLAUS



Over in New York there is a hard-boiled pessimist who is preaching against the Santa Claus idea.

"Tell your children the truth, that they may not grow up liars," he says. Of course, he is an enemy of joy, smiles, dreams, air castles and children. What a hard, hard man.

We have in mind, a fair haired lad, who believed in Santa Claus for many years. He used to kneel before the grate and send up his childish petitions, sure that it went straight to the throne of good and great St. Nick, and he was very happy. Once he wrote to this mysterious friend of childhood.

Once he asked for a violin, which he did not receive, and later the postman left this letter for him:

North Pole, Dec. 20.
Mr. Dear Little Lad:
I got your good letter. I read it every word, and I want to tell you that I like you. You are good, and kind, and you will grow up to be a fine man. You love your father and mother and the brothers and sisters. You keep on trying to do right, and I love you for it. I would rather see you grow up a violinist than a liar. There is but one left and I wanted to leave it for a little crippled boy in Kansas City. If you are willing, I'll send you a watch, instead.

A Merry Christmas, dear lad, Your friend, SANTA CLAUS.

"Oh! what a lie to tell a child," shrieks the pessimist.

Listen! The tears that came to the child's eyes, after he had heard his precious letter, were worth untold gold. Is an instant he learned charity, love for others, tender sympathy and self effacement.

In his little flannel nightgown he knelt before the grate and called:

"Can you hear me, Santa Claus? I wouldn't take the poor little boy's violin. It's all right. And with swimming eyes, he said his good night prayer, and added a "God bless the little crippled boy."

A softening, uplifting influence that will follow him through life.

The awakening came gradually and without harm.

Some day that boy will tell his children the story of the letter, the violin and the crippled boy who lived only in the land of dreams, and they will be the better for it.

LAKE VALLEY MINING MAN IN THE CITY WITH BRIDE.

William F. Hall, a mining man of Lake Valley, N. M., is at the Sheldon with his wife, says the El Paso Herald. He was married Tuesday morning at the home of the bride in Lake Valley, by Mrs. Clara Hunsford, nee Lacy, formerly of Chandler, Ill. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Darling of Deming, N. M., Mr. and Mrs. Hall will make their home in Lake Valley.

R. G. Marmon, a well known citizen of Laguna, was a visitor in this city today.